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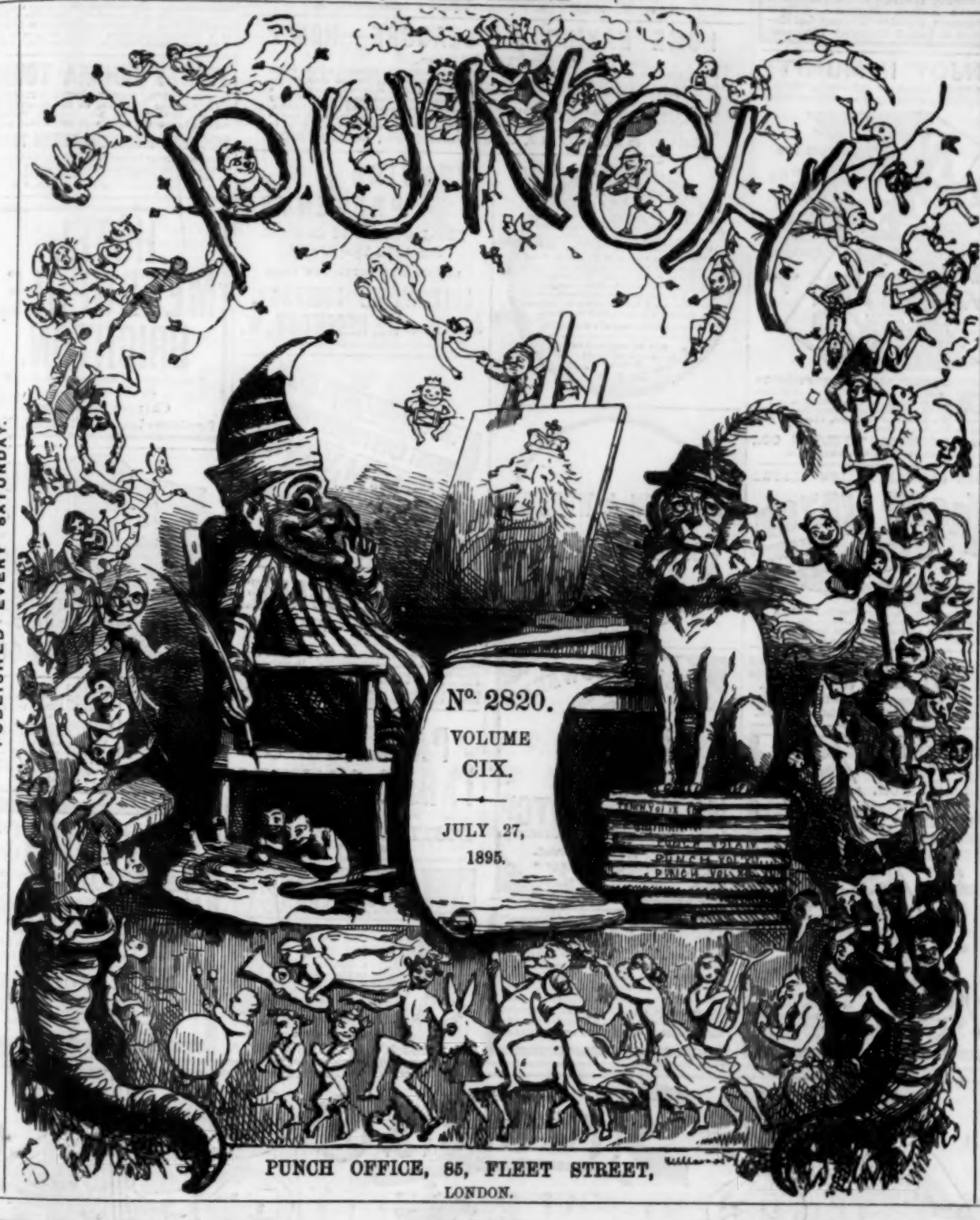

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THE LOST RECORD.

(The Wail of a Wiped-out Wheelman.)

AIR—"*The Lost Chord.*"

READING one day in our "Organ,"
I was happy and quite at ease.
A band was playing the "*Lost Chord,*"
Outside—in three several keys.
But *I* cared not how they were playing,
Those puffing Teutonic men;
For I'd "cut the record" at cycling,
And was ten-mile champion then!

It flooded my cheeks with crimson,
The praise of my pluck and calm;
Though that band seemed blending "Kafoozleum"
With a touch of the Hundredth Psalm.
But my joy soon turned into sorrow,
My calm into mental strife;
For my Record was "cut" on the morrow,
And it cut *me*, like a knife.
A fellow had done the distance
In the tenth of a second less!
And henceforth my name in silence
Was dropt by the Cycling Press.

I have sought—but I seek it vainly—
With that Record again to shine.
'Midst crack names in our Cycling Organ,
But they never mention mine
It may be some day at the Oval
I may cut that Record again,
But at present the Cups are given
To better—*or* luckier—men!

CONCLUSIVE.

SCENE—*Hibernian Table d'hôte.*

Guest. "WAITER! I SAY—THIS IS PORK! I WANT MUTTON!"
Waiter (rather hustled). "YES, SORR, IT 'S MUITON YE *WANT*,—BUT IT 'S PORK YE 'LL *HAVE!*"

OF COURSE.—Directly it was known that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had accepted an invitation to contest West Monmouthshire, and that Mr. WARMINGTON had generously offered to retire in his favour, there was a rush for the evident joke of styling the self-effacing Q.C. "Mr. WARMINGPAN." It is uncertain which paper was the first to get the Warmingpan into its sheets. Sir WILLIAM did not find the vacated seat too hot to hold him. Just nice.

NEW TITLES.—Sir HENRY LOCH is created Baron LOCH of Drylaw. The title will be appropriately written out on parchment. For was there ever a more dry-as-dust title than that of a Barren Loch and Dry Law!! Mr. STERN comes to the front as Baron WANDSWORTH: not of Wandsworth Common, "and so," as a Shakspearian clown might say, "the title is uncommon." Finally

Cock a doodle doo!
Lord HOUGHTON 's Earl of Crewe!

being, evidently, the living representative of SHAKSPEARE'S "Early Village Cook."

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

BALLOTERY.—The Cork Agricultural Society had before it a proposal of the County Board to rent their ground for holding sports. The Chairman said,

"It was to be understood that the grounds would only be let on the understanding that no drink would be sold, and that *no political meetings or gambling* would be allowed."

Rather hard on politicians this, to bracket their patriotic endeavours with pitch-and-toss and alcoholic indulgence! If politics are like strong drink, nobody at any rate can call them a form of "refreshment"! But defeated candidates will quite agree that the game of "*bleu et jaune*" is a good deal worse than "*rouge et noir.*"

A DAY SHIFT.—From the *North British Daily Mail* comes news of a daring electoral outrage. The Liberal candidate wanted to address the colliers in one of the Lanarkshire towns; but his meeting was very poorly attended. The cause was that the colliers were all waiting at the bottom of the pit ready to be drawn up, but "it was found necessary to send down an extra quantity of wood at that particular time"; so that the colliers could not get to the surface for an hour, when the political meeting was over! Smart man, the Conservative agent in that division! The pitmen could not be wound up, so the meeting was. It isn't only in Lanark that the Liberal Party wants a lift!

"LITTERAL" TRUTH.—The effects of the General Election on the Press seem to be most marked in Ireland. An Irish contemporary has the following:—

"IRELAND. THE VICEROYALTY TO BE ABOLILHED.—Colonel SAUNDERSON, addressing the Orangemen of Diamond, near Armagh, said that Lord LALISBURY'S Government would bring in a Bill to obolish the office of Irish Viceroy."

What is really to happen to the Irish Viceroy is rather mysterious. Is he to be "abolilhed," or only "obolished"? Perhaps "Lord LALISBURY" will kindly explain.

DRINKING SCENE OF THE FUTURE.

(In consequence of the Growing Demand for Lighter Liquors.)

SCENE—*The interior of a Dining-room. The ladies have just left, and the gentlemen are discussing their beverages.*

Smith. I say, BROWN, if it is not an impertinent question, where *did* you get that toast-and-water?

Brown. I thought you would be deceived! It was a cup, not the pure article! My butler is a first-rate hand at it. I will give you the recipe if you like.

Smith. Do. It was excellent. What *is* the secret?

Brown. Something, I fancy, to do with watercress.

Jones. I say, BROWN, that was really very nice sherbet. Turkish or Persian?

Brown. Neither. Came from the Stores. Home-made.

Jones. Well, it certainly was capital. I could have sworn that it had been manufactured East of the Levant.

Brown. More likely East of Temple Bar. And now shall we have a whitewash before we join the ladies?

Six Guests. No, thanks! Really not!

Half-a-dozen more of the Company. Really not! No, thanks!

Brown. Nonsense! (*Produces a pint bottle of lemonade.*) Nonsense, I repeat! Look here, my boys. (*Locks door.*) Not one of you fellows shall leave the room until you have finished *this!*

[*Draws cork of pint bottle, and distributes the lemonade amidst the good-natured protestations of the revellers. Scene closes in upon the Temperance orgy.*

NOT IN THE "NEWCASTLE PROGRAMME."—Last week Sir CHARLES FREEMANTLE, K.C.B., was presented with his portrait painted by Hon. JOHN COLLIER, in Hon. JOHN'S best style; and so, for this work, COLLIER cannot be "hauled over the coals." *A propos*, evidently *the* artist to paint the present Ministry should be a Collier, as it is a *Coalition* Cabinet. If the Collier were a Radical, how coal-black the portraits would come out!

"GENTLEMAN JOE."

Joe Ch-mb-rl-n (the Driver, to his fare Lord S-l-sb-ry, with A. J. B-lf-r). "ALL RIGHT, GOVERNOR! *I* KNOW THE WAY!"

'ARRY ON THE ELECTIONS.

DEAR CHARLIE,—O 'ip, 'ip, 'ooray, an' three more, and a tiger! Great Scott!
I'm as 'appy as ten on 'em, CHARLIE, though thusty and thundering 'ot.
I've bin up to my eyes in it this time, and now these 'ere Polling Returns
Are a-sending me slap off my chump, though I'm sorry they didn't chuck BURNS.

Oh! I'm feeling O K and a arf; I could stand on my 'ed with delight,
For the Rads are knocked out in three rounds, 'Ome Rule 's smashed, and Old England 's all right.
And although it is late, and I'm tired, I'm so full of our Glorious Win,
That I feel I *must* sit down and drop yer a line, mate, afore I turn in.

I'm the Pet of the Primrosers, CHARLIE, and, 'ang it, I've earned it all round,
For I've worked like a nig, and no error. It suits me right down to the ground.
I've canvassed and posted tremenjous, I'm 'usky with cheer and chi-ike,
And I've mounted the Unionist colours, and blazed round the streets on a bike.

There was full arf a mile on us, CHARLIE, a scarlet percession on wheels;
With Japanese lanterns a-flying, and 'underds o' kids at our 'eels.
I felt I was "charging the guns," like that brave Ballyclava Brigade,
With shouts for "Lord MUNGO and Malt!" and a little one in for "The Trade."

I tell yer, old man, 'twos hexciting. We dashed along Mulberry Scrubs.
And up the 'igh street a rare buster, 'ccrayed by the bhoys at the Pubs.
We scooted around for ten mile, the 'ole distance one thunderin' cheer;
And *when* we pulled up at the "Crown," if you'd just seen me lower the beer!

I lapped off a quart in one quencher. "*That*'s rippin'!" sez I to the Bung.
"I felt liked a dashed wooden 'orse, with a lump o' red leather for tongue."
"Ah!" sez 'e, "and jest fancy, old man, if them Vetoers 'ad their vile way,
Wy, *I* couldn't sell you a tankard, and *you* wouldn't 'ave any say!"

But jimminy-whizz, '*ow* we squelched 'em! We got our man in two to one,
Though our neighbourhood used to vote Rad, and a Tory was not in the run.
Wot beans it must be to old 'ARCOURT, wot toko to LAWSON and CAINE!
Well, they 've got their fair arnser this time; let us 'ope they won't try it again.

Workin'-men on the *Radical* ramp? You should jest 'ear wot *I* 'ear, old pal.
Let big pots make the round o' the pubs, and they won't talk that footy fal-lal.
Labour wants steddy work and good wyges, and likes to see England look big;
And then, with its baccy and beer, it 's all one to it, Tory *or* Whig.

Wot 's it care for Welsh Churches, or Scotch 'uns, as don't 'ardly enter its own?
And as to 'Ome Rule—for yer worker there 's dashed little meat on *that* bone.
Talk of Betterment, Progress, Peer-smashing, and such-like, may do for the Clubs;
But all Labour *gits* is 'igh rates, shocking trade, and a raid on its pubs.

Workman sez it 's too good enough, CHARLIE; believes as it 's better by far
To vote for Old SOL, a big Navy, an' maybe a jolly good war.

UNLUCKY SPEECHES.

She (giving him a flower). "SWEET AS THE GIVER!"
He (wishing to be very complimentary indeed). "OH—SWEETER FAR!"

He 's sick of the bloomin' old forriners copping our trade and our tin,
And 'e 's game for Protection *and* Peers—*anythink*, so Old England may win!

If the Rads wont his vote for the future, they 've got somethink *solid* to do!
Village Councils and Vetoes won't work it, for all BILLY 'ARCOURT 's boohoo!
'E don't wont less beer, but more beer-money, ah! and 'e don't care a blow
If 'e gits it from ROSEBERY and 'ARCOURT, or SOLSBURY, BALFOUR and JOE!

But 'ang it, I'm preaching, old oyster, and giving them Rads the straight tip.
One thing, they won't take it, this lot won't; they ain't got no savvy, no grip.

Bin sloppin' all over the place like, a-fillin' their cup, and that rot,
And now, arter tackling the pewter, they find as they 've all gone to pot.

O ain't it ske-rumptious, my pippin? I feel I could washup Brum JOE,
And I'm bound to admit, next to Bung, us true Tories must thank *him* this go.
He 's crumped 'is old pals a fair knock-out. If SOLSBURY 's saddle 'e 'll carry,
And run straight in 'arness with ARTHUR, *'e* 'll do! Yours, tolbobbishly, 'ARRY.

NOT THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.—Lord ROSEBERY the Derby Winner; Sir W. V. HARCOURT the Derby Loser.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

(A Reminiscence of the Recent Elections.)

SCENE—*The corner of Northumberland Avenue, opposite the National Liberal Club, where a screen is erected, on which the latest results of the second day's pollings, together with photographs of prominent Liberal politicians, and scathing caricatures of Unionist leaders, are being exhibited by a magic lantern for the benefit of a large and good-humoured crowd. The sympathies of the majority are, as might perhaps be expected, with the winning side, but the minority is very fairly represented, while in "booing" and "brayvo"-ing they are incontestably the stronger party.* TIME—*Between* 10 P.M. *and* 12.30 A.M.

Spectators (*as the portrait of* Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT *is displayed*). Yah! Tike 'im down!! Ow about Durby?... Brayvo! ... Three cheers fur 'AR-COURT! 'E'll come back yet! (*Lord* ROSEBERY'S *likeness follows.*) Good ole *Ladas!* Cheer up! Put a *smile* on 'im!

[MR. GLADSTONE'S *face, leonine and benignant, is next shown.*

A Chivalrous Conservative (*magnanimously*). 'E's a grand old chap, any'ow; *I* ain't goin' to chevy 'im.

[*Which, to the credit of the assembly, seems to be the general sentiment, as conveyed by unanimous applause.*

A Sanguine Radical. We shall 'ave the results in soon now; it's past ten. We shall do better to-day than what we did Saturday, you *see*.... Ah, here's the first—"Hereford. Unionist Majority, 313. No change." You can't *expeck* none in a rotten place like that! You *wait* a bit.... "Croydon. Increased Unionist majority of 835. No change." Well, 'UTCHINSON done very well; it's a strong Tory seat, is Croydon. They're on'y 'olding their own so far—that's all.

Radical Group (*as a series of cartoons is next displayed*). Hor-hor! There's JOEY, d'ye see? Boo-oo. "'E tiles not now!" ... 'Oo's *that?* The ole Dook o' CAMBRIDGE? No, it's Lord SOLSBURY, that is. So it is. That's a good 'it, eh? Look at the size of 'is *boots!* What's written on them? "*Comfort*," or somethink! "*Chuck-out*," is it? Oh, I couldn't make the writing out. Hor-hor; got 'im there, they 'ave. Garn. King BOMBA!... Look at ole GOSCHEN. 'E '*ave* give 'im a '*at*, ain't 'e? I ask *you*, is *that* a fice as orter be in Parliment?... 'Ave they 'ad BALFOUR up yet? Yuss, they did '*im* with 'is trousers shrunk up to 'is knees. Kepital it was. Harhar! that's the way to show *that* lot up, and no mistake! (*&c., &c.*)

"'E's a reg'lar tinker's cuss, as I 'appen to know!"

The Crowd (*as several results are announced in succession*). Comin' in quick now, ain't they? Look there! "Boston. Unionist gain!" 'Oo-ra-ay! bo-oo-oo! "North Lambeth. Unionist gain."... "Rochdale. Unionist gain!"... "Bristol (South), increased Conservative majority. No change."

The Sanguine Radical. Tell ye what 'tis, they're putting in all the Conservative wins *first*. And them bigoted beggars at Bristol, they dunno what they're votin' *for*, they don't. We shall pull up afore long. There, what did I *tell* you? Look a' *that*. "Durham. Liberal majority, 1—Objection raised." Hooray! we're beginning ter buck up *now*, ye see! (*Radical groups cheer in a spirit of thankfulness for small mercies.*) "Pontefract. Liberal majority, 57. No change." (*Frantic Radical enthusiasm and cries of* "Good ole Pontefrack!") "Huddersfield. Radical gain." (*Roars of delight from Radicals.*) 'Ave a few more like *that*, and we shall do.... "Oldham. Conservative gain o' two seats." (*Tremendous cheering from Conservatives.*) Well, after *that*, I'm prepared for anythink, I am!

Elderly Radical Solon. It's jes *this* way, them Conservatives, they ain't got no *prinserples*, o' course, but they do stick together, and that's 'ow they git the advantage over *us*. But it jes serves the Govment right fur not parsin' the Second Ballot. They *could* ha' done it, and they *orter* ha' done it!

His Companion (*disguising a slight vagueness as to the precise nature of this measure*). I dessay, I dessay; but it's these 'ere Labour Kendidates as are playin' the dooce with us. Lost us several seats a'ready, they 'ave.

The R. S. My argument on that is this—the ole question o' the Labour was concocted four year ago at Devonshire 'Ouse.

His Companion (*guardedly*). It *might* ha' bin, but I don't foller yer, John.

An Independent. Anyway, you can't say as the Labour Candidate made any difference '*ere*—he on'y polled twelve 'undred and fifty-one votes, and the Unionist had neely five thousand!

His Neighbour. No difference? 'Ow d' yer make *that* out? Why, the Radical was on'y four 'underd or so be'ind, and it stands to reason, as if arf the Labour votes 'ad bin given to 'im, he'd 'a won easy!

The Independent (*hastily*). Yes, yes; jesso, jesso; but that wasn't my *point*. And KEIR 'ARDIE sez there'll be three 'underd Labour Kendidates next elections. Ah, and they'll *find* 'em, too!

A Unionist. I 'ope they may. More on 'em the merrier—for *our* side!

The Independent. Any'ow, KEIR 'ARDIE'S safe for West 'Am. Majority o' twelve 'underd and thirty-two last time. Take a *lot* o' pulling down, that will! (*Polling at West Ham* (*South*) *announced.* KEIR HARDIE *defeated by* 775. *Impartial joy of Tories and Liberals.*) What? Chucked? '*Im!* The on'y man with the morril courage to wear a deerstalker in the 'Ouse! They ain't fit to '*ave* a vote!

[*Exit disgustedly.*

A Red-hot Radical. Ah, what I ses is, it don't matter which you fetch a man out of—whether it's Newgit, or whether it's a mad'ouse, 'e's good enough to make a Tory of! Look at 'im as 'as got in agen for West Puddlesford, 'e's a beauty—the 'ottest member in the 'Ouse, 'e is—*that* feller, why, 'e's a reg'lar tinker's cuss, as I 'appen to know! (*Another result is exhibited. A Conservative Brewer gets in for Worcester. No change.*) Good ole Bung'ole! It's the beer as *does* it!

First Mechanic (*after a Radical majority at Devonport has been announced*). Well, I can't understand a dockyard town voting for a Radical; they get twice the amount o' work under a Tory government, that's a matter of common knowledge.

Second Mechanic. What's the good o' that when others have got none at all? I'm all for *ekalizing* the work—let 'em have 'alf the work and give others a chance.

First Mech. You wouldn't accept 'alf the work *you've* got, I'll lay. You *would?* Well, yer *missis* wouldn't, then!

Second Mech. She'd 'ave to. And why should 'alf of us starve?

First Mech. Why should *all* of us? But there's no use o' you and me *argufying* about it.

[*Which, of course, they continue to do notwithstanding; there is a lull in the returns, and the photographs and caricatures are once more in request;* MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S *being exhibited upside down by way of variety.*

A Radical. What d' yer think o' JOE *now?* 'E's mot with a reverse, eh!

A Tory. *That*'s all right, mate; it on'y means as 'e's a goin' to do it on 'is 'ed!

An elderly and excited Irishwoman. Ah, bad luck to 'im, the murtherin' scounthril! wants a *toitle*, does he? Jist th' loike of all thim Saxon opprissors, th' toirant. What does *he* care hwhat becomes o' th' poor Oirish, so long as he gets his billyfull?

[*She pours a stream of denunciation into the ears of the nearest Radical.*

The Radical (*soothingly*). Good 'ole BRIDGET. But look 'ere, you needn't come and talk to *me* about it. (*Indicating a Tory neighbour.* You go an' tell '*im!*

[*Which* BRIDGET *does, volubly: more portraits are exhibited. One of* Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY *being hailed with cries of* "*Brayvo,* LABBY!" *and* "*Our Cartoonist*" *being instantly recognised as the late* Mr. PARNELL.

Radical Spectators (*after results of polling at Deptford, Halifax, Hartlepool, Bristol* (*North*), *&c.*). Oh dear, oh dear, oh *dear*. Well, I'm sure! MACNAMARA, the man 'oo polled the 'ighest votes in the School Board Election—and look at him *now!* If SIDNEY WEBB 'ud ha' contested that, 'e'd a' *won* it!... There's *another* seat we've lost. Well, I was 'appier standing 'ere this time three years ago, blow'd if I wasn't!... Oh lor, my brother-in-law 'll go wild over this. My ole uncle 'll go arf orf his 'ed. (*&c., &c.*)

An Irrelevant Person. Tork about Tories! Why, I'll lay anybody a shillin' JEM SMITH, the fighting man, 's a Tory, and *all* o' them prize-fighters are—and that's 'ow it's *done!*

First Lounger. 'Oo ain't a workin' man? I lay I work as 'ard as what *you* do, come now!

Second Lounger. What *are* yer then? A mat-seller?

First Lounger (*indignantly*). Garn! A mat-seller! I'm a bloomin' toe-walker, I am. Lean up agin the doors o' public-'ouses, I do, and work 'ard at it! [*His claim is reluctantly admitted.*

The Sanguine Radical. Twelve Unionist gains to three Radical! Well, there's no denying things ain't gone quite as well as I expected. But there, there's no telling; by this time to-morrow we shall all know more than what we do now. I shall turn in to LOCKHART's and 'ave a large cocoa after this. I *want* it, I can tell yer!

OPERATIC NOTES.

MONDAY, July 15.—*Tannhäuser* Combination Company night. Made in Germany, brought into England, and sung in French. ALBANI unexpectedly out, like HARCOURT; EAMES in as Liberal-Unionist. "Miss EAMES and miss ALBANI," quoth WAGSTAFF. MAUREL unwell: apologised for. EAMES, distantly related to "'Eames Ancient and Modern," (which superseded TATE and BRADY,) nervous but charming. Protean Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Little-Bo-Peep*, the shepherd's boy, excellent. *Venus-Adini* fine and large, offering to excellent *Tannhäuser-Alvarez* a great contrast to beloved *Elizabeth-Eames*. House crammed.

Saturday.—Peacefully comical and classical *Philemon et Baucis* followed by warlike, modern, and tragical *La Navarraise*. Bang go the drums and cannons. CALVÉ to the front! *C'est magnifique!* Literally stunning! DRURIOLANUS must get an opera written with a naval engagement in it (he can easily add this to his other engagements for next season), ending with general explosion and Admiral's cocked hat going off. No charge for suggestion. Bombardier BEVIGNANI or Marine MANCINELLI might revel in it. *Vive la Guerre!*

Breach of Promise Couplet.

[Last week Miss EDMAN sued JAKOBOWSKI for breach of promise and won her case with £700 damages.]

O JAKOBOWSKI many tears you 'll shed man,
You lost your money when you lost your 'Ed-man!

Election Notes from the West.

Plymouth.—CLARKE secures seat, but HUBBARD, like dog of celebrated ancestress, has none.

Falmouth.—HORNIMAN in. "*Fabula narratur de Tea.*"

Camborne Division.—STRAUSS conducting great campaign in a Miner key. Key to situation.

Ashburton Division.—Radicals fighting nix or nothing. Unionist war-cry, "Nix my dolly, pals, vote away!"

Torquay Division.—Electors continue policy of filling up the cup by returning PHILLPOTTS.

COUPLET, JUST OUT.

ON faults only two in our rule I can touch:
We gave 'em too little and promised too much.
Sir Henry Campbell Balladman.

"GOODE GOODS."—"The Goode Collection" sold at Christie's Tuesday and Thursday last. Goode enough, of course; but because it was the Goode Collection it evidently could not have been the Best.

RECIPROCITY.

SCENE—*A London Dinner Party.*

Mr. LAMBERT *and* Mrs. CRUMPINGTON (*chance partners*).

Mr. Lambert (*feeling his way*). Been to the Opera often this season, Mrs. CRUMPINGTON?

Mrs. Crumpington. Oh, very often. I am so devoted to music, you know, that I go whenever I can. And, talking of music, have you heard that new pianist, Herr—what *is* his name?—oh yes, Herr WIDOWSKI? He's too delicious for words!

Mr. L. No; I can't say that I go to concerts much. You should talk to my daughter ETHEL—she's devoted to music, and they tell me that she's got a really fine voice. I'm sure she practises enough.

Mrs. C. Indeed? Well, I've no voice, I'm sorry to say; but I play the piano a little—only a *very* little, you know.

Mr. L. Wonderful what a lot of people *do* play in these days—(*hastily*)—not like *you*, of course; but one hears pianos and fiddles going in every house, and most of them are simply instruments of torture.

Mrs. C. (*smiling*). Rather a rash remark—isn't it? You've never heard me play, you see! (*Mr. L. endeavours to protest.*) Oh, but I assure you I quite agree with you. For instance, my next-door neighbours are always making the most awful noises—playing and singing morning, noon, and night. The wall is very thin, and I am nearly driven crazy.

Mr. L. (*warmly*). My dear Madam, I can sympathise with you entirely. I've often thought that Parliament ought to pass a Bill for enforcing a close-time in domestic music. Of course it only matters to me in the evening, but we're troubled exactly in the same way as yourself. And my poor ETHEL finds her singing constantly interrupted by the disgusting row made by our next-door neighbour. I suppose he must take a pleasure in annoying us—anyhow he's jammed his wretched piano right up against our drawing-room wall, and bangs and thumps on it for about six hours a day. Of course it would be bad enough if the fellow played well; but you never heard such ghastly noises as he makes!

Mrs. C. How sorry I am for your poor daughter! Yes; people complain in the papers and grumble about street-bands and piano-organs; but at least one can send them away—which, unfortunately, one can't do in the case of next-door neighbours! However, I suppose I ought to be grateful that the people on the other side don't play at all.

Mr. L. Ah! I live in a corner-house. But I think a little opposition noise would almost be a relief—a kind of homeopathic cure, you know.

Mrs. C. One's quite enough for *me*. It's been getting worse, too, these last few weeks, and I'm delighted to meet a fellow-sufferer. Come; can't we concoct some joint scheme of deliverance? Do you think it would answer if I sent round a polite note—"Mrs. CRUMPINGTON presents her compliments to Mr."—whatever their name is—"and would be extremely obliged,"—and so on. How would that do?

Mr. L. (*decisively*). Wouldn't be the least use, I assure you, or I'd have tried that plan myself long ago. The only result would be that they'd make more row than ever, on purpose to score off you. No, I fancy I've got a better plan than that.

Mrs. C. (*eagerly*). Oh, do tell me what it is!

Mr. L. Well, I happened to notice in a shop in Holborn the other day one of these new American toys, it's a kind of small fog-horn, driven by a pair of bellows. And the noise it makes is something terrific, I assure you—loud enough to drown half-a-dozen pianos. So I've ordered one of these, and as soon as ever that scoundrel strikes up next door, I shall turn on the horn; then, directly he stops, I'll stop too, you see. Rather a good idea, don't you think?

Mrs. C. (*much amused*). It is, *indeed!* If only the poor wretch next door knew what was in store for him! Oh, if only I could silence *my* enemy in that way! But then, of course, I can't a blow a horn.

Mr. L. That isn't necessary; all you have to do is to work the bellows, and the thing goes by itself. Really, I strongly recommend you to invest in one.

Mrs. C. It would be a good plan, wouldn't it? Where did you say they are to be had?

Mr. L. I'll write down the address, if I can find a scrap of paper.

[*Takes out a card-case from his pocket, pencils address on back of visiting card, and hands it to* Mrs. C.

Mrs. C. Thank you *so* much, I'll certainly think about getting one (*looks absently at the other side of the card*) if they're not too dear, and—— (*Gasping.*) Good gracious heavens!

Mr. L. (*anxiously*). What's the matter? Are you ill?

Mrs. C. (*pointing to the printed side of the card in her hand*). Is this your real address?

Mr. L. (*much astonished*). "No. 1, Yarborough Gardens?" Yes, certainly it is. Why do you ask?

Mrs. C. (*faintly*). Because—because *I* live next door at No. 3!!

[*Tableau! Curtain.*

WHAT THE NEW WOMAN WILL MAKE OF THE NEW MAN!

"IF YOU WANT ME TO KEEP THE NEXT DANCE FOR YOU, YOU MUST WAIT UNDER THIS DOOR. I CAN'T GO RUSHING ALL OVER THE ROOM TO *LOOK* FOR YOU, YOU KNOW!"

THE OLLENDORF GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

THE CARETAKER.

Is it time to leave town? Yes, it is time to leave town, because the good neighbours have put up their shutters (*i.e.*, the shutters of the good neighbours). Do all the good neighbours put up their shutters? Yes, all put up their shutters, but one of them stays in town at the back of the house. Why does one of the good neighbours stay in town at the back of the house? To escape the expense of leaving town incurred by the other good neighbours who have put up their shutters. Is that expense a great one? Yes, a very great one. Have they any other drawbacks? Yes, they have the annoyances of a caretaker. What are the annoyances of a caretaker? The annoyances of a caretaker are her husband, her children, her cat, her dog, her mother, and all her relations. When a caretaker enters the house of one of the good neighbours, is she accompanied by her annoyances? Yes, the caretaker is accompanied by her annoyances. Does the caretaker lead a happy life in the house of one of the good neighbours? Yes, she leads a happy life, and so do her husband, her children, her cat, her dog, her mother, and all her relations. What do the relations of the caretaker do in the house of one of the good neighbours? They smoke in the drawing-room in the house of one of the good neighbours. If anyone calls to see the good neighbour, what does the caretaker do? The caretaker generally refuses to attend to the bell. Should the caretaker attend to the bell, what does she do? She tells the caller who wishes to see the good neighbour that she knows nothing of the master of the house's movements (*i.e.*, the movements of the master of the house). Does the caller then retire under the impression that the house has been sold up, and that the good neighbour has entered the Court of Bankruptcy (*i.e.*, the Bankruptcy Court)? The caller does leave the house under that impression. While this impression is being created in London, is the good neighbour unconsciously attempting to enjoy himself in Switzerland? Yes, the good neighbour is undoubtedly attempting to enjoy himself in Switzerland, in spite of the cookery, the lack of accommodation, the expense, and the weather. If the good neighbour ceased to be unconscious, and became aware of the damage that was being done to his credit by the caretaker, what would that good neighbour do? The good neighbour would probably swear. Then would the good language of the good neighbour change in its character? Yes; for it would become the bad language of the bad neighbour. Would the bad language of the bad neighbour have any immediate effect upon the caretaker, her husband, her children, her cat, her dog, her mother, and all her relatives? No, for the bad language would be uttered in Switzerland, and the caretaker, her husband, her children, her cat, her dog, her mother, and all her relatives would be in London. Then what would the caretaker, her husband, her children, her cat, her dog, her mother, and all her relatives do in the house of one of the good neighbours during the protracted absence of the good neighbour on the Continent? They would continue to smoke in the drawing-room.

"HONOURS EASY."

MR. TRELOAR wrote to the *Times* the other day *à propos* of Mr. WILLIAMSON'S peerage. Messrs. TRELOAR and WILLIAMSON are in the same business, *i.e.* the linoleum trade, and Mr. TRELOAR suggested that "*Lord LINOLEUM would not be a bad title.*" Quite agree with him. Let persons take titles from some specialty of their trade or calling. Suppose peerages granted to

Chiropedist	Marquis of CUTACORN.
Soda-water Manufacturer	Lord SODA AND BANG.
Tailor	Viscount VEST.
Butcher (*Irish title*)	Baron O'BEEF.
Jeweller	Duke of DIAMONDS.
Grocer	Lord SUGAR AND SANDS.
Draper	Earl of SUMMERGOODS AND WINTERSALES.
Ditto	Lord REMNANTS OF UNDERWEAR.
Bootmaker (*with French polish*)	Marquis DE SHOES ET AUTRES.

Numerous variations will occur to readers. They can be forwarded to our office as probably useful when the next "honours easy" are dealt out.

"OH, THE IRONY OF IT!"—Last week, whilst reports of Tory successes in the boroughs daily reached London, the leading Liberal paper, regardless of expense, had the walls covered with large placards announcing that "the *Daily News* has the best election intelligence." "If this is the best," said Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, observing one of the placards on his way back from Derby, "I shouldn't like to know the worst."

THE SPILL!

JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL
TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER,

JACK FELL DOWN AND BROKE HIS CROWN,
AND JILL CAME TUMBLING AFTER.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Variety Stage, by CHARLES DOUGLAS STUART and A. J. PARK (FISHER UNWIN), is a history of the Music-halls from the earliest period to the present time. And a very interesting history it is, admirably told withal. One comes upon names familiar in boyhood, and is a little shocked to find that the Great VANCE was really named ALFRED PECK STEVENS. The pages glow with pleasant peeps of London at midnight, as *Pendennis* saw it, and as, once at least, it was looked upon by *Colonel Newcome*. It is sad to find how many of the old favourites of the music-hall fall upon evil times, and even die in the workhouse. SAM COLLINS was more fortunate. He was sumptuously buried in Kensal Green, where a marble pedestal carries his portrait and his epitaph. This last is notable as containing what, as far as my Baronite knows, is the most audacious rhyme in the English language. As it was admitted to consecrated ground, it may perhaps be quoted here. "A loving husband," so it runs—

"A loving husband and a faithful friend,
Ever the first a helping hand to lend:
Farewell, good-natured, honest-hearted SAM, [AM."
Until we meet before the great I

Pro BARON DE B.-W.

DIPLOMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW has arrived. On business, of course. De-pew-ted by American Government.

ON THE TRACK IN BATTERSEA PARK.

"WHERE THERE'S A WHEEL THERE'S A WAY."

THE LABOUR GALLIO.

BAH! Politics are a bad joke.
To get up steam about 'em's silly.
The Tory pabulum is stale "toke,"
The Liberal beverage sloppy "skilly."
My business, whilst they storm and splutter,
Is to earn beer and bread-and-butter.

THURSDAY, JULY 18. FOR TWO KNIGHTS ONLY!—Sir HENRY IRVING and *Sir John Falstaff*. Hitherto Windsor Shakspearianly associated with Merry Wives and washtubbing (with "brown Windsor") of Fat Knight. Henceforth memorable for Royal reception and dubbing (also with the best Windsor) of Thin Knight. Reported that Sir HENRY was invited to represent a Constituency! He *has* represented two single gentlemen rolled into one, such as *Corsican Brothers*, and *Dubosc* and *Lesurques*. But to represent a Constituency of some thousands!! No rapid act of "quickest change" could effect it. *Vice* Sir HENRY!

"IN NUBIBUS."—WRIGHT, the convict and ex-solicitor of the Liberator Building Society, said in the course of examination at the London Bankruptcy Court that he was "formerly tenant of Cloughton Castle in Ireland. That was only a small place, but it was customary in Ireland to call almost everything a castle." Quite Wright. Home Rule is now one of these *Châteaux d'Espagne* in Ireland, and "to let."

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

OH pity an unhappy man
Reduced to desperate dejection!
There's nothing happening but an
Election.

Eternally it worries me,
Inducing cerebral affection,
This never-ending topic the
Election.

I don't love politics, or care
A pin for Liberal defection,
Or if the Tories gained in their
Election.

Unworthy citizen, perhaps
I need reproof and stern correction,
Indifferent to any chap's
Election.

Unless I flew beyond the sea,
I'm certain that in no direction
Could I escape at all from the
Election.

For no one writes, and no one speaks,
Of anything but in connection
With some loquacious man who seeks
Election.

I try my club; though men may come
And men may go, there's this objection
To all alike—they talk of some
Election.

I go to bed; no rest for me,
I'm roused by yells, with shrill inflection
Of "Extry midnight speshul, the
Election!"

The papers, taking any side,
Of any party, any section,
One sort of news alike provide—
Election.

I'll go to see my love, and kiss
Her pretty face, her sweet complexion,
At least she will not talk of this
Election.

"YOU ARE MOST APT TO PLAY THE SIR."

Othello, Act ii., Sc. i.

FRIDAY, July 19, 1895, memorable in annals of British stage as a day set apart for one of the greatest triumphs of the Drama. Sir HENRY IRVING, fresh from the honours of Royal Windsor, received a further distinction at the hands and hearts of his "brothers and sisters" in that profession for which he has done so much. Squire BANCROFT was the eloquent spokesman for the enthusiastic audience of comedians and tragedians which filled the Lyceum; yet before and behind the footlights there was not a suggestion of histrionics. Unlike, too, the great unpaying, who have the dulness of their *order*, the guests of Friday were remarkable for the tremendous energy of their goodwill. If this theatre had not long been seasoned to the sounds of vociferous cheering, the demonstration might "have brought down the house" literally. *Mr. Punch* takes this opportunity of joining in the demonstration, and drinks to Sir HENRY IRVING. May the Knight of the cheerful countenance prosper according to his deserts. And, if that wish is realised, the lessee of the Lyceum will be one of the happiest men on record.

STAMBULOFF.

GRIM mockery of fate! The assassin's knife
Once more hath power upon a patriot's life.
One steel-armed miscreant, with one felon blow,
May lay the moulder of a nation low.
Masterful man and fiery patriot, still
Is that strong heart, relaxed that iron will.
Yet there's more honour for the brave at rest,
After vain struggle and abortive quest,
Than for the ungrateful herd who dare not rise
To the full height of perilous destinies,
The Northern Bear his distant quarry nosing,
Or the Coburger in gay Carlsbad glosing.

R. PEEL FROM MR. G.—Mr. GLADSTONE, writing to Sir ROBERT PEEL, who had been addressing the Faxeley branch Lodge of Odd Fellows, said, "*In our small community we have four separate lodges, and I have associated myself with them all.*" Mr. G. may now adopt as his signature, not the initials "G. O. M.," but the new one of "O. F. O.," or "Odd Fellow Out." No doubt, with his love of retirement and study, the Grand Old Odd Fellow often says, sighingly, to himself, "O for a Lodge in some vast Wilderness!"

To Dr. W. G. Grace on his 47th Birthday.

MANY happy returns of the day!
Old Time on his record should nick it.
Long, long may he umpire your play.
Here's wishing you luck at the wicket,
Long life,—for one "century," say,—
And a hundred more of 'em at Cricket!

BLASE.

"WELL, PAPA, HOW DID YOU ENJOY THE PLAY TO-NIGHT?"

"OH, I THINK I ENJOYED IT FAIRLY WELL, MY DEAR. I'VE GOT A GENERAL SORT OF IDEA THAT I DIDN'T GO TO SLEEP OVER IT!"

HOW THE TOPERS CAME DOWN TO THE POLLS.

(A Song for the Drouthy, someway after Southey.)

How did the Topers come down to the Polls?

Here they came shouting,
And there they came flouting,
Teetotalers scouting, and HARCOURT misdoubting,
With banners, and big bills, and trumpets and song.
With pint-pots and flagons,
In drags, brakes and wagons,
As valiant as lions, as fiery as dragons,
They hastened along united and strong!
'Midst braying of brass and 'midst clouds of tobacco,
With jubilant shouts for "The Union Jack, O!"
With jovial manners, and patriot banners,
'Midst bung-lauding boasters, with big scarlet posters,
In Sunday-best garments superbly arrayed;
'Midst shoutings from "cadgers," with scarves and with badges,
With rubicund faces, limp collars, loose braces,
With dry-as-dust throttles, and handy case-bottles,
With blonde buxom Beauty to aid 'em in duty,
And bystanders funning, and little boys running,
And stentor-toned shouts for "The Cause" and "The Trade"!!!
All florid and torrid,
Damp shirts and moist forehead,
From near slum and far court,
With railings at HARCOURT,
And wit-aping WILFRID, and truculent CAINE,
With shouts for Sir MICHAEL,
By 'bus, and by cycle,
Afoot, and well-mounted, by tram and by train,
All glowing and blowing,
Red cards about throwing,
And rushing, and crushing, and flushing,
And laughing, and chaffing, and quaffing;
And jeering, and sneering, and "booring,"
And skipping, and tripping, and "nipping,"
And hasting, and pasting, and tasting;
And hopping, and popping, and mopping,
Perspiring, and wiring.
But ever untiring.
And drinking, and chinking, and blinking, and winking,
And sometimes unthinking, but ever unshrinking,
And gladdening, and maddening,
And t'other side saddening,
Friends brightening, foes frightening, interiors tightening,
And warming, and forming, and storming;
And flattering, and clattering, and battering, and shattering;
Arising, surprising, all foes pulverising,
And giving them "toko" on temperance "boko."
And flashing, and dashing, and crashing, and smashing, and hashing,
And propping, and stopping, and copping, and lopping, and topping, and whopping;
And backing, and tracking, and blacking, and hacking, and smacking, and whacking,
And "giving 'em beans."
(You know what *that* means!)
And shouting, "We vote all against CALT Teetotal!
We'll beat up each *Bardolph*, and *Pistol*, and *Peto*,
To give its quietus to villainous Veto.
And kick out the duffers The Trade who would queer
And rob (big caps., please!) THE POOR MAN OF HIS BEER!!!
Out, out on the foes of our Freedom—and Liquor!
They'll follow their Leader—the sooner the quicker!
The Lords they may floor, and the Church may assault,
But they've met with their match in the Champions of Malt!
All together, brave souls!
See, our phalanx on-rolls!!!"

And *that*'s how the Topers came down to the Polls!

MAINTAINING THE UNION.—The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, in referring to the success of Mr. G. H. ALLSOPP at Worcester, just prior to that eminent Unionist taking unto himself a wife, suggests that the newly-elected M.P. should follow the precedent set by Mr. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN in 1892, and give to each of his bridesmaids a brooch with the amount of his majority engraved upon it. This is all very well in its way. But the total at Tunbridge was 933, while that of Worcester extended to four figures. So to give room for labelling, the brooch should be changed to a bracelet. A man bearing the honoured name of ALLSOPP should be appropriately equal to the XX's.

A QUESTION TO OUTSIDERS.—"Won't you come round?" was the invitation (as reported in the *Daily Graphic*) given by Sir HENRY IRVING (after his speech on Friday afternoon) to his "friends in front." But it is a question addressed to many outside the theatre and the theatrical profession; to all sorts and conditions of men and women who still regard the stage askance, and who look upon the ultimate fate of theatre-goers and actors as a melancholy certainty. To these persons, whether a minority or a majority,—in either case a "narrow" one,—Sir HENRY'S kindly invitation is publicly addressed, and it is "Won't you come round?"

A SUNDAY DINNER.

Father of Family (who has accidentally shot the leg of a Fowl under the table). "MIND T'DOG DOESN'T GET IT!"
Young Hopeful (triumphantly). "ALL RIGHT, FEYTHER! I 'VE GOTTEN ME FOOT ON IT!"

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

To the philosophical mind of a Roundabout Reader the General Election ought to offer many points of interest, not because he is a politician, but because, in the interest of his reading, he has to occupy a position of detachment, and therefore perhaps sees more of the humours and absurdities which crowd the animated scene. Yet here, for instance, am I, a diligent turner over of every possible kind of newspaper, metropolitan and provincial, and all that I have carried away from my careful investigations is a confused sense that if electors on either side only "stand shoulder to shoulder," "leave no stone unturned," and "work as one man from now till the polling-day," why each side is positively certain that "another nail will be driven into the coffin" of the other side, that "a resounding blow will be struck for the good cause," and that "the banner under which we have secured many a brilliant victory will once more float triumphantly in the breeze." As for the "moral victories" gained, they are almost overwhelming both in number and in result.

INDEED, there is nothing so dangerously attractive to speaker and to audience as a fine old crusted political tag. Policies and programmes are as dust in the balance. As you listen to a speaker and watch his hearers, you may see a smile of perfect confidence and satisfaction spreading over the faces of the latter while the former winds himself up to the well-known, fondly-loved, and long-expected tag, which is the inevitable conclusion of the fiery oratorical period. "That," they say to themselves, "is the man for us. He says exactly what we should have said in the only appropriate words." Result—*Loud and enthusiastic cheers, amidst which* Mr. PLATTIT-EWD *resumed his seat, having spoken for three-quarters of an hour.*

AND the old familiar funny stories, the humorous allusions, the sparkling gibes, have they not been trotted out from Land's End to John o' Groat's House? Welcome have you been, oh ye kittens, born blind as Liberal (or Conservative) kittens, and converted, through the opening of your eyes, into Conservative (or Liberal) kittens; welcome also, ye hounds, who have devoured all your labels, and know not your destination. Many a time have I hunted with your sporting pack, and seen my friends ride gallantly at your tails. Also there is a wolf, and there is a lamb; and there was once a Sibyl who dealt in books, and there is an Italian who, having performed the most coruscating solos on the barrel-organ, failed miserably when asked to oblige upon the piano. All these have played their parts nobly. Not for long do I bid them farewell. They will return, I know they will, with the first mutterings of the next election.

PRAY consider my verse, which, if learnt by heart pat, forms
The best of all tips for political platforms.
With a slight dash of MILL you may burden your speeches,
You may tell the great tale of O'BRIEN, his breeches.
On the one side you 'll tear WILLIAM HARCOURT to tatters;
He 's out for a time, but I don't think it matters.
Then, in talking of JOE, what will help very much is
A delicate hint at a Duke or a Duchess;
A suggestion that coats are the garments, if any,
That mustn't be turned when their colours are many:
And that programmes (you 'll pause ere you flatly refuse 'em)
Are Brummagem goods, which will break when you use 'em.
Then, whether your hearers be Whig or be Tory,
By the scruff of its neck you must drag in a story.
Adjure them, my friend, lest their zeal should grow colder,
To fight for the Cause, standing shoulder to shoulder.
And, whether you battle for that chief or this chief,
Inform them that stones, if unturned, are the mischief.
And, last but not least, no opponent will quarrel,
When all that you claim is a win *plus* a moral.

As an example of how political conflicts ought to be carried on take the case of West Fife. While Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, the Radical Candidate, was speaking in Thornton School, "the door of the room was opened, and Mr. WEMYSS, the Liberal Unionist candidate for the constituency, asked 'May I come in,' to which Mr. BIRRELL replied 'Yes, certainly.' Mr. WEMYSS, who was followed by a large number of supporters, then entered the hall, and took a seat on one of the front benches, which he occupied until the

close of the address, when he was greeted with loud calls for a speech. In response to the call, he remarked that he had already made eight or nine speeches that day, and must be excused from making another. He had, however, enjoyed Mr. BIRRELL's speech very much. It was not for him to criticise it at that meeting, but he might only say that he felt sure the electors of West Fife would vote for whom they considered the best man and the man they believed would do his duty. He then called for three hearty cheers for his opponent, Mr. BIRRELL. Votes of confidence were then put for both candidates, when that in favour of Mr. BIRRELL was declared carried. The opposing candidates then shook hands, and departed evidently the best of friends."

A TOTALLY different picture comes to us from Aston Manor, as I judge from the following letter in the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF IKE WARD?

To the Editor of the Daily Gazette.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an attack made by Captain GRICE-HUTCHINSON on a very respectable member of the National Society of Amalgamated Brassworkers, Mr. IKE WARD. In your yesterday's issue Captain GRICE-HUTCHINSON is reported to have said: "The last authentic account he had of Mr. IKE WARD was that he was 'bones' in some nigger troupe on the sands of Scarborough." Mr. WARD has been for some time engaged as an organiser, and is a member of the Executive of the Railway Workers' Union, has never been in a nigger troupe on the sands of Scarborough or anywhere else.

As the statement is calculated to damage the reputation of my friend Mr. WARD, I am sure that the candidate for Aston will at once either give his authority for the damaging statement or withdraw the aspersions on the character of a respected labour leader.—Yours faithfully, W. J. DAVIS.

70, *Lionel Street, Birmingham, July* 13.

BUT, after all, even if Mr. IKE WARD had chosen to employ his leisure in performing on the bones in a nigger troupe on the sands at Scarborough or elsewhere he would have done nothing to be ashamed of. Obviously, however, Captain GRICE-HUTCHINSON's account was anything but authentic, and he had no business to cork Mr. WARD's face in so gratuitous a manner.

'Tis a manifest error, this tale about bones—
(You may like what I say, or, if not, you may lump it).
For a worker in brass must produce the best tones
If—I don't say he did it—he blew his own trumpet.

IN any record of electoral humour Mr. MUNTZ, the member for Tamworth, must hold a distinguished place. Here is a report of some of the remarks made by him at meetings in the Nuneaton Division:—

Mr. MUNTZ, in the course of his remarks, characterised Lord SALISBURY's Government as the most able Administration that had ever held office in any Parliament the world over. It was composed of all the great intellect which, prior to the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, was divided between the two great parties of the State. Now all that was left to the Liberal party was the tagrag and bobtail. The late Radical Administration was a failure under Mr. GLADSTONE, great man as he was, and a still greater failure under Lord ROSEBERY, to whom Her Majesty had presented the Thistle. (*Laughter.*) As to agriculture, he said that he had a conversation with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on the subject just before the dissolution. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said to him, "MUNTZ, what are we to do for agriculture?" and he replied, "That's a big question. You have all the great talent and all the great landed interest in the country represented in the present Government; and if the present Government can do nothing for agriculture, there is nothing to be done for agriculture." (*Applause.*)

After reading this I feel that the question of agricultural distress is settled. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN must, indeed, be a proud man at having obtained so much valuable information in answer to a question which, as reported, sounds familiar almost to the verge of rashness.

CAN pigs be kept at a profit? This was the question which confronted the Devonport Guardians only the other day. The following extract from their proceedings will be read with breathless interest:—

Mr. H. W. BRYANT moved "That the Guardians give up pig keeping, either at the house or otherwise."

Mr. HEALY seconded.—Mr. OLIVER supported, and said they could buy the pork cheaper than keep pigs, and that every pig they had kept cost them 1*s.* per lb.

Mr. J. GOODMAN said he was a "piggery man." (*Laughter.*) He liked the pig, he liked the pork, and he liked the profit that the pig brought. He was surprised to hear Mr. OLIVER say that the pigs cost 1*s.* per lb. He said it did not cost them 2½*d.* per lb.

Mr. CREW pointed out that the profit on pig keeping last year in the house was £39.

Mr. PENBERTHY said the master entered in his books that it cost them 6*d.* per lb., and Mr. J. MOORE maintained that they could buy pork at 4½*d.* per lb. The motion was lost, 8 voting for, and 18 against.

"I M a piggery man," said GOODMAN, J., "though pigs are a wee bit squealy;
But I won't sit still to hear pigs denounced by BRYANT and scorned by HEALY.
Let those who prefer it till the fields, and see what a year's hard dig brings;
I like the pig, and I like the pork, and I like the profit the pig brings."
Then CREW, he chawed Mr. BRYANT up, Mr. HEALY to dust he ground, Sir;
And MOORE maintained you could purchase pork at fourpence half-penny a pound, Sir.
But the piggery men prevailed by ten, a majority quite on the big side,
Since eighteen voted for pigs that day, and eight on the anti-pig side.

BROWN AND ME.

ME and BROWN has bin a having a lot of differences of opinion all about the County Counsellers, which sumhows we carnt get to agree together about em, not by no manner of means. And now, quite lately, we has been a having a lot of quarrells about the members of Parlement in the Citty, and all round about it, and, fortunetly, me and my frends has wun nearly ewery place where there has bin anythink like a jolly good fight, and has now wun nearly the hole blooming lot on em! So that the poor County Counsellers has hardly got a single member of Parlement left among the whole blooming lot, and is obliged to have long rambling speeches among theirselves jest to fill up their idle time. How they can manage to keep things agoing jest while they makes their old long speeches, I carnt for the life of me make out; but I am told that they all agrees that its the only means they has of keeping up their old Charter; and altho it isnt werry much to brag about, they all agrees its sumthink better than nothink.

Lots of the poor chaps who has been acustomed to go about different parts of London a braggin about the werry great figgers they cuts, or was used to cut, afore the new changes as took place in making amost everybody members of Parlement, is now obleeged to do their werry best to keep things a going cumfertably, if possibel; but its but poor work for em, and but a werry poor change for things as was afore they was as they is.

Why, I'm litterelly told as how there is now lots of Gents as was once Members of Parlement who aint now members for nothink! that it to say, not for nothink as is worth having. Why, I'm ewen told as the County Counsellers, as belongs to the Tems Conserwency, is now so ardly treated, that they werry offen carnt get enuff to do to keep their time well employed, or to get enuff monney to pay them their werry modderate wages; so eny boddy can werry easily emadgin what poor work it must now be for poor fellers as was once Members of Parlement, and now aint not members of not nothink!

Sum of the old members tells me as they doesnot despair ewen yet! for they are quite sure as how as numbers of the grand old Tories will stick to em as long as theres any left; but I thinks as I knows a trick worth too of that, and that is, to make the best of the things as is, and hope the best for all the changes as time and hoppertoonity will aford em of putting a few things together as their long xperience has tort em is easily turned to good account.

ROBERT.

ENTERTAINERS ENTERTAINED.—The DALY Co., headed by Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY and Miss ADA REHAN, were lunch'd by the LORD MAYOR, July 16, at the Munching House. LORD MAYOR paid sincere tribute to the American Company, and AUGUSTIN DALY heartily thanked the City of London. The U. S. Minister found a Link between the two countries in the great Dramatic Light SHAKSPEARE. "And so say all of U.S." Manager DALY forgot to mention, that, as he has to leave England in the autumn, he ought to change the termination of his name to suit the term of his stay here, and be "AUGUST-OUT DALY" instead of "AUGUST-IN."

MRS. R. wants to know if "The Hardwicke Society" has anything to do with the improvement of candles and candle-lamps?

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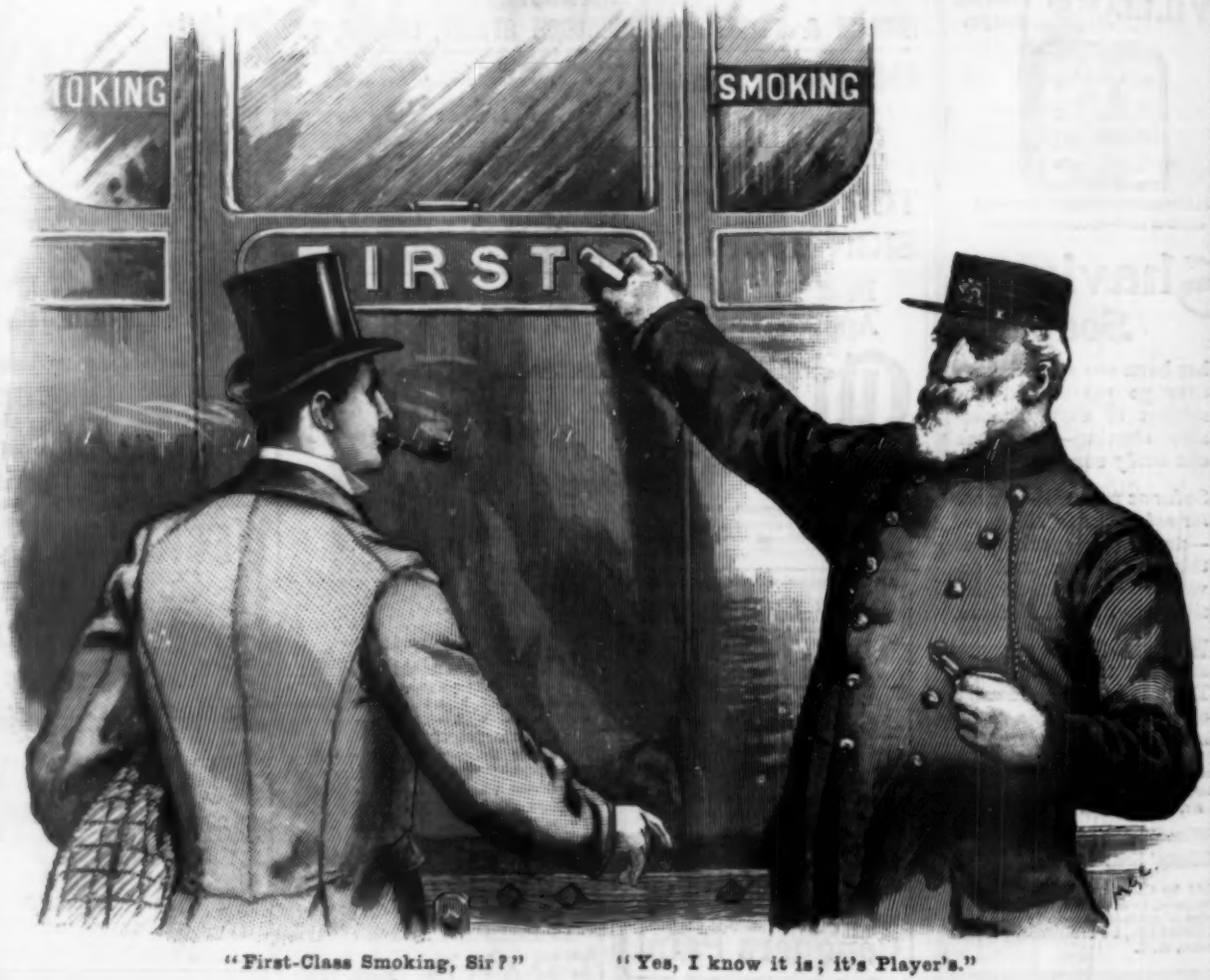

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